

Billy In Leather Pants by flippyspoon

Series: Pour Some Sugar on Me [1]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Is what I'm saying, M/M, Romance, actually more romance than smut, because somebody had to, billy in leather pants, but he doesn't HAVE to be, but i still like leather pants, don't hate him because he's beautiful, hate him because he's an asshole, mildly subblish billy, that's how i am built, unapologetic wink winkers, which he is

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Summary:

I mean. It's what it is, man.

Billy In Leather Pants

Billy bought the pants one Saturday in the city. He'd splurged, having been in a shitty mood. Steve was supposed to have gone along with him that day and then his parents had dragged him to a "social function" which was supposed to grease the wheels of future business connections yadda yadda some rich people bullshit. He didn't know, he didn't care, and he had been pissed out on his own when Steve was supposed to be there laughing at his dirty jokes and rude comments about people walking by. Steve was supposed to be there to drag him into alleys after dark once Billy began describing in detail exactly what he wanted to do to Steve's dick. Or what he wanted Steve to make him do to Steve's dick. Sometimes that was part of it. Instead he'd just bummed around alone and then stumbled upon the pants and thought: *Fuck it. I'll wear them for Steve and he'll eat me alive.*

Life was short after all.

Then on the way home he'd thought: *I'll wear them to school.*

The thought became so appealing that he decided he would not wear them at all until he could wear them to school. Technically, he immediately broke this rule. He wore them alone in his room, admiring himself in his mirror and then lay down on his bed and imagined what Steve would do to him once he saw Billy in the pants. Then he jerked off.

The problem with wearing the pants to school was that he drove Max to school and he really didn't mind if Max gave him some shit these days, but Susan at least would see, even if his dad had already left for work. She'd have something to say. Too big a hassle.

Then the middle-school scheduled a testing day which meant Max went in two hours later than usual and Billy would be driving alone.

The moment Billy realized he could finally wear the pants to school hassle-free he smiled so big and genuinely that Max asked him what was wrong.

On the day in question, Billy got up a little earlier than usual and took a little longer to get ready which turned out to be a good idea when he spent way too long checking himself out.

The pants were so overboard that he attempted to look like he wasn't actually *trying* for anything and paired them with his beat-up sleeveless Slayer shirt. But he wore his favorite boots and a long necklace with an amethyst crystal pendant that Steve had given him for his birthday.

He slipped out the door unseen and cackled to himself on the way to school, revving the Camaro at every stoplight.

It took a minute, once Billy was out of the car, for people to notice.

And then nobody could stop staring.

When Steve saw him in the parking lot, he stopped short and dropped all his books. He squatted to pick them up, fumbling as he looked up at Billy on approach, his eyes bugging out.

“What...” Was all Steve seemed to manage.

Billy stood close to Steve as he struggled to collect his shit, so that he got a nice close-up eye full as he stood, gaping at Billy.

“Mornin’, Harrington,” Billy said, ever so casual.

“*What* are you wearing?”

“What do you mean?” Billy said, and winked at his boyfriend.

Steve hustled him towards the front doors, grabbing him by the arm. “You’re gonna get *suspended*.”

“Naaaah.”

“It’s indecent.”

“Maybe to you. You know what’s underneath.”

“You *can’t*.”

“Why?”

“You’ll drive me *insane*.”

“Exactly, Harrington,” Billy said and swaggered off into school so that Steve could finally get a good view of his leather clad ass.

In English class, Billy watched Steve, not the greatest student on his best day, gradually become non-functional. Billy hadn’t quite counted on it happening *that* quickly and wondered if he’d actually underestimated how much Steve wanted him. Though somehow instead of feeling that thought in his dick, he felt it in his heart which was borderline irritating. But then who was he kidding anyway.

At the break before Gym, Billy found Steve at his locker, wrestling with the pirate’s booty of shit he kept in there and Billy leaned next to him in a studied pose, and because nobody was likely looking at his face right now he treated himself to a good long look at Harrington. Billy was no poet, if somebody had asked him to describe Harrington’s face, he would have said “soft” which, coming from Billy, probably sounded like an insult and would have been except that it was *Harrington*.

Everything about Harrington seemed to be what Billy was not and Billy found that absurdly appealing. Even the goddamn pastel colors he’d been dressing in lately were appealing. On this unusually cool spring day he was wearing a powder blue sweater over a button down, the collar carefully folded over the crewneck. He was wearing goddamn khakis. Billy would never have used a word like “endearing” but that’s what he might have meant.

Fucking Harrington and his stupid preppy bullshit, Billy would think sometimes. And then his heart would feel oversized in his chest.

“How’s your day goin’, pretty boy?” Billy said.

Steve shrugged, his expression a half-frown as he stuffed his Economics books into his backpack while an old gym shoe started to tumble out of his locker. “Like usual,” Steve said.

“Oh sure it is,” Billy said. “Couldn’t keep your eyes off me this morning. I got your number, Harrington. Never lie to me.”

“Not lying,” Steve said.

“Right,” Billy said. “Whatever you say. You were a million miles away in English. What filthy shit was in your head anyway?”

“I’m always a million miles away in English.”

Billy was starting to feel like maybe this wasn’t going the way he’d thought it was going.

“Oh play it however you want then,” Billy said, but his tone betrayed his uncertainty. “Asshole.”

“Why do you always do this shit anyway?” Steve said, and zipped up his bag. “It’s like the car and the showboating shit on the court and all the flashy stuff. What is all that for?”

“Stop,” Billy said quietly. He was suddenly mortified. He’d miscalculated somehow. “You know.”

“No, I fuckin’ don’t. Why don’t you tell me?”

“It...” Billy sighed, squirming. “It’s for...you. Fuck you, Harrington. You know that. Used to be just showing everybody I was hot shit. Before. Ya know. But... God. First day I saw you, it was for you.” He swallowed and met Steve’s eyes. “It’s always for you.”

They’d been through all the hard stuff. How’d he’d tried to have Steve beaten out of him after he’d tried to beat it out of Steve, and how he was fucked up and probably would always be at least a little bit but he’d been trying. Sometimes he tried so hard Steve noticed and tousled his hair like he was one of those runt friends of Max’s he was always hanging around with.

And he’d never hurt Steve again. That was a given. He’d a let a lot of

heinous shit be done to him before he ever even thought about hurting Steve again.

The bell rang and Steve didn't give anything away, tipping his head down the hall. "Gym."

At Gym, Billy lollygagged and delayed getting undressed, fiddling with his shoes and his gym shorts until he and Steve were the only ones left and they were running late.

"What is taking you so long?" Steve said. He always waited on Billy. It was one of those devotedly couplesy things he did. Nobody but Max knew about them but Steve often acted as if they were a married suburban pair and *had* to make entrances together for appearances sake.

Billy looked at Steve, one sneakered foot kicking the floor, arms crossed, in his gym tee and shorts.

Billy peeled off his Slayer shirt and glared Steve down. He'd looked at himself in the mirror in the pants minus a shirt and knew very well just what the effect was. The glam as hell amethyst crystal dangled, hitting the middle of his chest.

I will defeat him, Billy thought. *You're going down, Harrington. Down on your fuckin' knees.*

Steve glared back at him, his jaw clenched. He tapped his teeth together in two short bites.

"Come here," Steve said, grabbing his arm. He strode towards the equipment room way in the back, dragging Billy along. "Come the fuck here."

"Ooh, manhandling," Billy cracked. "I like it."

"Shut up."

In the equipment room, Steve shut the door and locked it behind

them. He pressed Billy against the wall opposite the shelf of athletic equipment. He didn't push. He was careful about that. Billy like some rough shit but he had a *thing* about being shoved. His eyes wandered over Billy and he squeezed his shoulders and then traced a finger between Billy's pecs, Billy could hear his labored breathing in and out.

"You think this day is any different to me?" Steve said. "You think there's a goddamn day since you kissed me where I can go for a fucking second without thinking about you and this and us? That it doesn't take all my energy to concentrate on something else for one minute? You think I don't want you *all* the time? So bad I can taste it and I forget how to breathe?" He chuckled and looked at Billy's mouth, parted in astonishment, and kissed him abruptly, holding his head still in both hands.

"I... Steve..."

Steve kissed his neck and licked the drip of sweat sliding down behind his ear and pressed Billy's hands back against the wall. "Stay right here," Steve mumbled. "Don't move." He started working his way down Billy's chest.

"Here?" Billy said. "Are you *nuts*?"

"Thought you wanted to drive me insane?" Steve said, smirking up at him. Then his smirk disappeared as he placed his lips over Billy's crotch, mouthing at the leather, and Billy couldn't have spoken if he'd wanted to. He felt the heat of Steve's breath through the leather. He felt Steve's fingers claw at the stiff waistband, dragging them down Billy's hips and revealing the v of his pelvic bone. Steve tongue kissed him right there and followed the thin bit of hair as he slid the pants down, not seeming at all surprised that Billy wasn't wearing anything underneath.

"*Harrington*."

"Shhh."

Steve licked the top of his dick, refusing to slide the pants all the way down and the differing sensations made Billy scratch the wall behind him, his erection rapidly swelling. He tipped his chin up, shutting his

eyes. Steve bit the top of his thigh and Billy felt teeth on his skin and through the pants and moaned lightly arching up from the wall until Steve pressed him back while dragging the pants down further, further...

“Say it,” Steve whispered and his breath touched his dick as it bobbed out, his pants around his knees.

“Please.”

“Please what?”

“Oh fuck...”

“Fuck you, say it,” Steve said, grinning up at him. He gave Billy’s the barest of licks.

“Ah...Please...hnng...King Steve. *Fuck*.”

Steve giggled and swallowed him up and Billy gasped and knocked his head against the wall as he fell back.

Steve had started out *horrid* at dick sucking.

This had been a great disappointment since the particular shape, size, and plushness of Steve’s mouth had convinced Billy from Day 1 that he would be spectacular at it.

After some trial and error and a banana related lesson that had ended in a fight, Steve truly was spectacular at it.

And he could go *deep*, that had never been a problem once he’d really gone for it.

Now the problem was Billy as he still hadn’t gotten the hang of holding on long enough to really savor it properly. Because Steve was all around him, and Steve was hot and wet and his face was soft and Steve loved him and gave Billy that look all the time like Billy was just his sweet boyfriend and not a hopeless piece of shit and-

“AH!”

Steve half-choked and half-laughed, his eyes teary and he partly swallowed and partly caught cum on his gym shirt, his eyes a little teary. He rubbed his warm hands along Billy's thighs and kissed his hip bone and let Billy come down from his high and then tucked him away and pulled his pants back up with some struggling, the leather now a little uncomfortable while Billy was still a bit sensitive.

Steve stood up and leaned in close to Billy and ran his thumb along Billy's lips. Billy watched his mouth, swollen and red. "Don't get me wrong," Steve said, his voice a little raw. "Love the pants. But I'm the only one that gets to take them off okay?"

"Yeah," Billy said.

"As long as you call me King Steve."

"Fuck you, Harrington."